

Ani DiFranco, Cold & Mean

You are listening to the phone ring
Like a church bell sounding out the hour.
And the ringing cuts the silence
Like a knife leaving little pieces left of your life.
You are watching the night shadows grow tall s
Swallowing you in terror like the foot on the wall.
Shake me down to the soil of a dream.
Take me whole and take me clean.
Take me from this reality cold and mean.
Cold and mean.
I can't answer I can't speak to anyone
Not until I witness the next rising of the sun.
It's this darkness it's like a lead weight in my shoe.
I couldn't rise to answer even if I wanted to.
Shake me down to the soil of a dream.
Take me whole and take me clean.
Take me from this reality cold and mean.
Shake me down to the soil of a dream.
Take me whole and take me clean.
Take me from this reality cold and mean.
Shake me down to the soil of a dream.
Take me whole and take me clean.
Take me from this reality cold and mean.
Cold and mean.